their way when the san would be red

brightness or the beauty, for grief and

been steeped in tears, was now bathing in the glow of anger. Onward dashed

the train. For a moment I was myself

again; we were approaching the village of D-, where I first met her

who was lost to me forever. There

stood the old church with its ivied

tower, the rooks whirling round and about it as of yore, unmindful of the time when I used, with bated breath

and throbbing heart, to watch her as

she wended her way to offer up her

pure prayers within its sacred walls.

On the right lay — Hall, where I first bathed in the inexhaustive glories

ing hopes. I could gaze no longer; and, burying my face in my hands, I

gave myself up to one of those rever-ies during which the hour, the place,

by her side as in the olden time, and

all was light, and joy and love. How long this day dream lasted, and why I

awoke from it until the train stopped

denly my attention became riveted-

closer-closer-every nerve in my body

began to tingle, my heart gave one mighty bound, for the handwriting

An icy sickness crept over me. The small portion I could read showed me

words that should be explained, words

to me-unfathomable mystery. I felt

as if I should swoon, my brain began

to throb, and for a moment I was al-

most insensible. Then in a voice that

startled me, from its very hollowness,

· When did you receive that letter?"

He looked up, smiled and resumed

"When did you receive that letter?"

"Excuse me if I refuse to comply

"You're a cool hand 'pon my soul!"

"I beg you to answer my question.
"I don't understand it."

"when did you receive the the letter

"You must tell me. You must give

"You are either mad or drunk, but

whichever it is, you shall neither know

when I received this letter, nor shall

you become possessor of it as long as I

Without a moment's hesitation

Houses, trees, hedges and telegraph

Houses, trees, bedges and telegraph

The one absorbing idea rushed through my mind. I did not hesitate

I threw open the door, and stood

Houses, trees, hedges and telegraph

"God save me!" I said.
horrible crash! A million of lights.

man, who was engaged in bathing my

temples. "We've sent for a doctor,

mediate and careful removal and rest

I listened to all this, and more, as the

doctor gave his directions to the man

who was engaged in bathing my head,

and whom I subsequently learned was

foreman of a gang of plate-layers en-

gaged in repairing the line at the place

where I alighted. He described me as

boudning along the line like a huge

ball, and that my escape was nothing

and pocket-book," added the foreman,

handing the articles mentioned to the

per. It dropped from the carriage

right hand window from London about

The workmen looked at each other,

"Five pounds, men! What are you

staring at? Now then, men, stir your-

selves! Don't you want to earn a five

pound note handy?" cried the fore-

ing along the line in the direction in-

"Do not excite vourselt, sir, it is

sure to be found," said the doctor, his

finger on my wrist. "Had you fine

This was to distract my attention;

but the good man little knew that my

whole life was concentrated on the dis-

covery of that tiny piece of pink paper.

sist on it," cried the doctor, endeavor-

I shook him off, and stood upon my

ing to restrain me from rising.

then at me, and lastly at the doctor,

evidently under the impression that

half a minute before I fell out."

"Here, sir, is his watch, and keys.

would be essential.

and we expect him every moment."

My companion seized my arm.

The letter must be mine.

the tenth part of a second.

it to me. You have no right to it!" I

pertinent?" he replied, angrily.

was that of my dead wife!

with your request.'

pocket.

Mine it should be.

made a snatch at it.

miles an hour.

posts flashed past.

posts flashed past.

posts flashed past.

post flashed past.

'You must tell me."

the circumstances of my surround the circumstances of my surroundings, were utterly forgotten, and I wandered

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W Main Street, Wichita, Kansas,

C. M. GARRISON, S. Main street, Vichita, Kansas.

The shadow was upon me. black cloud was looming overhead,

DRIFTING.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ. My soul to-day is far away Sailing the Vesuvius bay; My winged boat, a bird afloat, Swims round the purple peaks remote und purple peaks it sails and seeks, ne inlets in their crystal creeks, here high rocks throw through depths i duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague and dim the mountains swir While on Vesuvius' misty brim, With outstretched hand, the grey smoke star O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles o'er liquid miles; And yonder, bluest of the isles, Calm Capria waits, her sapphire gates Begulling to her bright estates. Under the walls where swells and falls

The bay's deep breast at intervals At peace I lie, blown softly by, A cloud upon the liquid sky. The day, so mild, is heaven's own child. With earth and ocean reconciled— The airs I feel around me steal

Over the rail my hand I trail Within the shadow of the sail, A joy intense, the cooling sense, Glides down my drowsy indolence. Her children, hid the cliffs amid, Are gamboling with the gamboling kid; Or down the walls, with tipsy calls, Laugh in the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child, with tresses wild, Unto the smooth, bright sand beguile With glowing hps sings as she skips, Or gazes at the far-off ships.

You deep bark goes where traffic blow From lands of sun to lands of shows— This happier one, its course is run From lands of snows to lands of sun O, happy ship, to rise and dip, With the blue crystal at your lip! O, happy crew, my heart with you Sails, and sails and sings anew.

No more, no more the worldly shot Upbraids me with its loud uproar! With dreamful eyes my spirit lies Under the walls of Paradise!

The Letter of my Dead Wife. My young wife died on the 9th of January, 186-, giving birth to a daughter, which followed her to the grave mediately after.

How I survived that period and that whirlwind of grief surprises me. I had won my wife against odds. I was poor and proud, and when taunted by her father with the words, "fortune hunter," I swore that I would gain an independence and then claim her. I kept my word. For five long years I labored as only a man urged on to his labor by one absorbing passion can WICHITA, KANSAS, work. For five long years I scarcely saw her, but when my long work was ended we were married, and she made

my life happy indeed. But soon! oh, how much too soon! came the great trouble, and I lost her! man advised change of climate, of scene, of people, and of association; mechanically I assented to his suggestion, mechanically I took my seat one lovely summer morning (the 19th of June) in a first-class carriage, en route

for Paris, and where afterward I cared I bribed the guard to lock the door that I might indulge in my own sad musings without fear of intrusion, and had wrapped myself up in a fanciful security when, just as the train was about to start, a small valise was pitched in through the window, followed by a hat-box, and while we were actually in motion the door was unlocked, and a man, jumping lightly over the luggage which strewed the floor of the carriage, subsided into a seat exactly

opposite mine. One feels almost an aversion toward a new comer in a railway carriage. With what ill-will the passenger at a wayside station is received by the occupants of a well-lighted, well-heated compartment, when the door opens to

admit the rush of piercing wind, a dash of rain, and probably a damp body. I was almost savage with the faith-less official, and disgusted with the intruder. I felt irritated to a degree that could scarcely account for ; and, rolling myself into a corner, I gazed steadfastly out in the country, as though an agent for a telegraph company employ-

ed to count the poles.

The stranger, coolly collecting his luggage and divesting himself of a courier bag which hung across his shoulder, proceeded, with the nonchalance of a queen's messenger, to pre-pare to smoke; and, having selected a cigar, and biting off the end, languidly

When I recovered consciousness I found myself in a reclining position, and surrounded by a number of strange observed, "No objection to smoking?" faces. I could not realize the situation "This is not a smoking carriage," ] for some moments; and when at length replied. my reason began to assert itself, the " Really ?" whole truth flashed upon me. I en-"I object!" deavored to rise, but found so much "Really." pain in moving that I desisted. There was a cool impertinence in the "Do not stir, sir," said an elderly

tone that roused my anger, and I turn-ed rouned and gazed at him. He was a well-built, handsome man, apparently about five and thirty. His eves were small and glittlering as those of a rat. His moustache was very bushy, and carefully pointed. He was dressed in a gray tweed traveling suit: his gloves were yellow, and in one hand he held a very handsome Russian

leather cigar case, with the initials C. B. engraved thereon; in the other the unlighted eigar and fusee. The state of nervous excitement under which I labored would have led me to attempt anything; and although I felt that at any other time I should be physically unequal to an encounter with this man, there was that within me that temporarily gave me a superhu-

"I object," I again repeated, the words cozing from betwee my clenched teeth. "Your objection shall not affect my resolve in the least, and I shall smoke. So saving, he lifted his right foot, laid it delicately across his left knee, and adjusting the fasce, rubbed it deliberately against the dry leather of the sole. The combustible portion of the match fell off. "Confound it, the only

man strength.

one I had; I must wait till we get to I was so eager for a contest with this man that this was a source of intense disappointment. If I had a light about me, indeed I should have presented it to him for the purpose of bringing the question to an issue. "I imagine if you tried you would

find one, sir," I sneered. "Can you give me a light?" he asked. "Wait till we get to Canterbury and

I'll smoke you as dry as an Egyptian "I shall." This closed our conversation. I

leaned back into the corner of the carriage, an unaccountable hatred against this man envenoming every thought. I did not stay to reason with myself. I did not ask, Is this trifle of lighting a cigar worth so much of bad and bitter emotion? I did not admit a ray of hope that ere we reached Canterbury the vengeful feeling should pass away. No; I longed with the craving of a gambler for the game to be renewed; and no pilgrim ever desired to gaze upon the green stone at Mecca feet very sick, very giddy, but still with a greater fever than I did to be- able to stand. hold the spires of the grand old cathe-

It appeared an age. I felt agonized with apprehension lest it should not "How long have I been urcon-

dicated.

weather in town?"

train. Through the meadows laden stood respectfully by. "About twenty minutes, sir."
"Did any trains pass up the line with the perfume of the summeradew. Past rivulets sparkling in the golden sunlight. By villages, toward which either way, since?" by-and-by the mowers would wend

"Then the letter must be safe. I in the west. Everything looked bright and beautiful, yet I could not share the feared that the wheels of the up-train might have caught and annihilated it.' At this moment there was a shout, and one of the men came running to-ward us waving something in his hand. "He has it, sir," said the foreman. rage were warring in my breast, and my heart, which an hour before had

The man approached nearer-nearer; my head began to swim, nearer-near-er; that for which I had ventured my life, aye, and would again, was mine I held out my hands mechanically with a last effort I clutched the letter which the breathless navvy tendered to me, thurst it into my bosom, and fainted away.

"At what hour does the train start for Canterbury?" "Four o'clock, sir' "What delay shall I have in Canter-bury, so as to be able, if necessary, to of love's young dream. There the copse where I dared breathe my burn-

catch the tidal train?" "Thirty-two minutes, sir." "Cau I telegraph?"
"No, sir. Lord bless you, sir. it's enough for us to see the wires. A tele-gram here would set us crazy."

These questions were addressed by me to the station-master at the B-Station, to which I had been carried by the navvies on an improvised litter during my second period of uncon-I caunot tell, but when I looked up my companion was engaged in reading a letter—an ordinary looking letter, written upon pink note paper. Sud-My head had been dressed, and bran dy and water administered; and, although against the strongest reme

strances of Doctor Flethurst, the kind and accomplished physician who at-tended me, I resolved to push on-to track and follow, if necessary, to the attermost limits of the earth, my companion of the morning, and compel him, with a sword at his throat or a revolver at his breast, to explain the purport of the letter of my dead wife. It was undated. These are the words:

Thursday. "DEAREST: Why have you not written? I cannot understand it. You have no idea how perplexed I have been by your silence. I am compelled, as you are aware, to be very acreful, lest our letters should be discovered; but I have taken every precaution. Come at once. I think our lucky star is in the

FANNIE." This was the letter. The paper was fresh and glossy, but t wore the unmistakable signs of much folding and unfolding. The manufac-"My question is"—and I was as cool as ice, though my brain was on fire— ner. In vain I turned it over and over I crawled up the steps leading to the in the hope of a faint clue as to the date;

have been Fannie's letter were it blot-"What if I refuse to answer your question, which I consider grossly im-How came my wife to write to other than her husband in such endearing? Could she have deceived-I caught myself by the throat to choke back the vile-thought word.

Could it possibly be some old letter written to myself in those days when we were surrounded by enemies to our true loves, which had by some remote can control my tongue or make use of chance fallen into this person's hands? He was preparing to replace it in his I could repeat, line for line, word for word, her letters to me, from her first, a simple, fluttering invitation to a dinner party at her father's, to the last fond "Take care of yourself, Fred-

dy, darling, for the sake af your wife and baby," written during Christmas He was too quick for me, but in throwing back his hand to avoid my grasp, his fingers relaxed their hold, week, when I was compelled to proand the letter flew out of the open ceed to York to look after my uncle's We were traveling at the rate of forty Could I be mistaken in the writing?

> The letters clear, well defined, large as her bountiful heart. The signature the same. The sam odd habit of leaving a margin on the left hand of the page, as is the practice of government officials.

The more I thought over it, the greater my perplexity, the sterner my re-solve, cost what it might, to unravel thread by thread the mystery which surrounded the letter of my dead wife, Houses, trees, hedges and telegraph like unto a shroud.

And here I repeat, for I write the oc-currence according to the order of the event, that never, oh, not for the one thousandth part of a second, did I cast the shadow of a doubt as to the motives of my dead wife in writing this letter. To doubt here, would have been to Purity. With burning eagerness

scrambled out of a train at Canterbury, for I was in an agony of pain, and nomind could have enabled me to move. "Did you attend the mail from Lon

don this morning?" gray suit, pointed moustaches, and yel-low gloves?" "I'm sure I cannot say, sir;" then

As he was speaking the medical man turning to a brother official, he shout-He made a careful examination, and "I say, Awkins, did you see a mail pronounced that, as far as his judggentleman, yellow gloves, 1:40 up?" ment went, the bones were unbroken, "The mail always wears yeller that a contused cut on the temple gloves," responded the other. "Yes, might prove troublesome, and that imsee a tall gentleman a talking to the station master."

"Where is the station master? "This way, ser. Beg pardon, you're werry lame; lean on me, sir," said the first porter, good-naturedly, as I limp-

The station-master was absent, but a person acting for him was seated engaged in writing. Did a gentleman, wearing a gray

suit, yellow gloves, pointed moustache, alight here?" I asked. "Yes," without looking up

"Did he go on by the train?" I sat up and fervently returned thanks to Him whose name was the last on my lips ere springing from the gentleman falling from the carriage?" "He did:" then looking up-"I beg "Five pounds to any man who will your pardon, sir, are you the accibring me a letter written on pink pa-

> "I am." "Pray be seated." I sat down. "Yes, sir, he alighted, and gave those, pointing to my rug, umbrella, and traveling case, which I had in the

carriage with me at the time of the oc-

written memoranda, and read rapidly. "He said your manner was strange, that you objected to his smoking, and In an instant off they started, tearwere very insoleut. He said he was reading a letter-that you asked him for it-that you made a grab at itthat it fell out of the window-that you jumped out after it-that he tried to prevent you, and that he considers you are insane. Good God, sir. it was a "Don't stir, sir, pray do not. I in-

> "What is the gentleman's name?" "I do not know, sir." I lost all patience. "And how in the name of heaven could you let him go without ascer-

taining his name? You shall be held

Onward dashed and shrieked the scious?" I asked the foreman, who accountable for this gross neglect of strength of three ordinary men. Don't duty. By heavens you shall? So brutally rude was I, that I have since stopped at Canterbury to apolo-

> "Be that as it may, he dashed out of this office to jump into the train."
> "Then he went on?" "Yes, sir." "Can you tell me where he was going to?

> "I cannot. Perhaps the examiner of tickets might. "Can I see him?" You can.

The functionary in question having been summoned and interrogated— "He did remember the party, who gained his carriage as he was a locking the door. He examined his ticket while the train was a moving. It was a through" to Paris. This was a clue at all events. I should be only a few hours behind him,

and, unless he was on some mission of life and death, the chances were in favor of his stopping in Paris. To detail my sensations while wait-ing for the train and during the subsequent journey, were to enter into a psychological analysis for which the reader would scarcely thank me; suffice it to say, I reached Paris in a state of fever, with a gloomy fear beating at my heart, that I should be forced to

yield to its tightening grasp ere the newly-created object of my life could be attained. What cared I for the sunlight of glorious summer morning? What cared I for the beauty of the

Bonlevard? The letter of my dead wife was lying against my bounding heart. The shade of my dead wife was calling upon me to have the clouds enveloping it dispelled. My whole being was consentrated in this one fixed idea, and I was as dead to outward influence as the stateliest mummy in the pyrimids of the

Ptolemys. On arrival at Paris, I made inquiries of the most respectable looking official on the platform relative to the passenger I was in search of. The official in question called a sort of council of war of sous officiers, which resulted in my being informed that the party in question had alighted from the Engish mail train of the previous evening, and had driven in coach number 234 to the Hotel du Louvre, Rue Rivoli.

If I desired further intermation should apply to the perfect of police. In a whirlwind of triumphant feel-ing I entered a coach, directed the driver to proceed to the hotel in question. In entered.

salon. I stopped a waiter ing past me.
"Did a tall gentleman in a gray suit, pointed moustache, and yellow gloves

arrive here last night?

"Yans, Monsieur." "His name?" "Beneson, Monsieur." "Show me to his room. quick!" I almost screamed. "Monsieur cannot see him. gone out. He forgot this." The waiter produced from his pocket a Russian leather cigar case, and on the cigar case, in burnished letters, the initials

C. B. shone like light. "Where has he gone? Tell me.

Here is a sovereign. Where has he gone "He leave direction mit Gustave, n tink. I vill see," and the waiter left me, in search of Gustave. In a moment he returned, carrying a

"If Monsieur de Curt calls upon Mr. Charles Benson before ten o'clock, say that Mr. Benson has gone to 13 Rue where he will remain until Monsieur de C. returns.' Snatching the paper from the hands of the astonished waiter, and forgetful of my aching frame, I hurried down the staircase-into the court-yard-re-

slip of paper on which was written:

entered the coach, which was still in waiting, and shouted to the driver: "Numero treize, Rue ---. The agony I endured of mind and body during the journey from the Ho-tel du Louvre to the Rue — will never be effaced from my memory. While I write this the recollection of my sufferings is causing every nerve to quiv-

er, every joint to ache. I could not conceive that physical agony could reach so high without killing that upon which it fed. Arrived at the Rue --- , the coachman experienced little difficulty in discovering No. 13. I alighted, and having inquired at the porter's lodges for the object of my search, was informed that I should ring at the first door on the right, as the gentleman I had described was visiting the family resid-

ing there. I rang the bell as directed. · Monsieur Benson?" "Oui, monsieur. " Peut on voir ?" "Oui, monsieur."

I brushed past her, tried the bandle of a door opposite me. It yielded, the door opened, and I saw-My traveling companion, in the same gray suit, standing at the window. Beside him a young girl, his right arm encircling her waist. I had entered softly, and neither

them were aware of my presence. Tiger-like I lay waiting for a spring. Tiger-like I glared at my prey ere burst upon it. He was talking about me. "He must have been smashed into a

mummy." The girl shuddered. Little did he imagine that I store within three paces of him. "Why did you not seize They were conversing in English.

"I tried to do so, but he seemed po sessed of the strength of three ordinary men. He knocked me into the corner of the carriage like a racket ball. "Poor creature! You should given him the letter," said the girl, compassionately "Not if he was going to jump again. Poor devil! it's not giving him much

"More, perhaps, than you think, He turned rapidly round so did the He blanched. She screamed. "Good God!" he said, and threw his arm round, as if to protect her. I glanced at myself in the opposite

trouble now.

I was a ghastly sight. My hair clotted with blood; blo upon my livid face, and where the dark frightful thing to jump from a mail red stain did not show broad streaks train. How you are alive to tell the of caked grime and dust; my eyes tale is miraculous, and—" here the of- sunk and fiery, as those of a ferret; my ficial broke forth-"and remember, sir, apparel in disorder; my right hand in that for any injury you may have re- my breast pocket grasping the letter ceived, the company is not in any way of my dead wife.

I glared at my own image.
"Good God!" said he; what is the
meaning of this?" "I want to have an explanation with

try it now. 1 am armed. "For heaven's sake," sobbed girl, throwing herself between Benson and me, "don't harm him. He has done you no wrong. He will give you

money. I will give you money. Take anything you like-everything."
"Hush!" said Benson to the girl "there is no danger. I have only to shout, and half a dozen gendarmes will spring into this room."

This was brag. "I have no desire to frighten this young lady, and I apologize for enter-ing thus unexpected into her prerence. My business is with My business is with you, sir; and as to your bravado, it's too absurd." I had brought him to bay.

What do you require of me? I do not know you. You can have no claim on me. You are laboring under some terrible delusion. My name is Benson. I am a barrister, living in the Middle Temple, London. If you think to frighten me by your threats you are mistaken in your man. I am willing to make every allowance on account of the terrible accident you have met with, and-"

And as I spoke I drew the letter from my breast pocket. Thinking it was a weapon, the girl, with a dashing bravery, caught my arm while Benson jumped aside. He did not recognize it.

He was coming toward the door. I placed my back against it.

you tell me how you came by this."

Tell me how you came by this let-What letter?" "This is the letter I risked my life to gain. This is the letter you refused to part with. You see I am not a man to be turned aside from a purpose. Tell me how you came by it."

He seemed intensely astonished, be wildered. "I received it by the post the morning I left London," he replied. It's a lie."

I state the truth."

young girl.

When was it written?

The day before I received it." It's a lie. That letter must have been before the 18th of January, and it was written by the hand of my dead "You are mad," he said, "that letter was written in this house on the day before yesterday, and was written by

this lady," turning as he spoke to the

This ready call on your imagination will not serve your purpose. I know the writing too well; and by heaven I am not to be trifled with There is that contained in it which demands an explanation, and I will tear it from your tongue." "Oh! sir," cried the girl, "this is in-

tion, that letter in your hand was writ-Truth shone from out her eyes. felt as if I had received a blow. I seized her hand, drew her toward an open Davenport, and, in a husky voice cried-

"Copy that letter."

She opened the desk, drew out a sheet of pink paper, and prepared to I watched her as she dipped the pen into the ink, I watched her as she wrote the first word. I watched her with unerring, unfaltering exact-itude. She copied the letter, copied it as if 'twere done by a machine. The same large letters, the same official looking margin, the same word "Fannie." She looked up at me. Truth in

I saw my error. I saw that on account of the strange similarity in the writing I had mistaken her letter to her lover for a letter written by my dead wife.

During the fever that followed, found Samaratanism in the hearts of Charles Benson and the young girl, whose handwriting bore such a fatal re-Five Little Onlys

chance, it has cheered some wretched abode, gladdened some stricken heart, or its golden light has on its way kissed the moss covered banks where the violets grow and shades of beauty

Only a gentle breeze! But how many aching brows hath it fanned, how many hearts had been cheered by dreary void in a child's heart, the quivering lips and tearful eyes told how keenly he felt it.

broken heart, engendered a ray of hope. and cast a halo of light around the un-Only a word of encouragement, a single word! It gives to the drooping

Only a smile! But, ah, it cheered the

# How Slavery was Abolished in Massachusetts.

In 1854 there were four hundred and thirty-nine slaves in Essex county, sand; and it is the vernacular of seven-The present constitution of Massachu- ty millions of human beings, setts was established in 1780. The first article of the declaration of rights asserts that all men are born free and equal; and this was generally supposed to have reference to slavery; but owing to the co-still it was a point on which all did it by Dickens. not agree. In 1781, however, at the court in Worcester, an indictment was found against a white man for assault-school houses in London, having been ing, beating and imprisoning a black, established by King Edward VI., has trial took place at the supreme been sold to a railroad company for a indicial court in 1783, and the defense depot for \$3,000,000. was that the black man was a slave. and the beating, etc., was the necessary correction of the master. This defense did not avail; the white man "It is only necessary to wade in and was found guilty and fined; and this choose your fish, the difficulty being decision was the death warrant for which fish to choose," slavery in Massachusetts.

A woman does what she chooses and, lately rode into town the wife of without being abused for it. She can one man, and rode back the wife of antake a map after dinner while her hus- other. She was divorced, received a band goes to work. She can go into license, and was married while in the street without being asked to stand town. a treat at every saloon. She can stay at home in time of war, and get married again if her husband gets killed. She can wear corsets if too thick, and other things if too thin. She can get a divorce from her husband if she sees founder about the middle of the ninth one she likes better. She can get her century. husband in debt all over, until he warns the public not to trust her on his account. But all these accounts are balanced by the great facts that she cannot sing bass, wear a beard, go sparking or climb a tree.

The Duluth Herald apologizes for having advised a married man to get parried. It thought he was a widow-

Wolf scalps in Illinois bring \$15 apiece, and some of the farmers are wealth rapidly. selling out sheep and stocking up in

The husband of the Michigan lady while it was lighted, was obliged to I saw he was preparing for a spring, accept the offer of a friend's house in they do say that she receives all the "You said I was possessed of the which to hold his wife's funeral.

## Troublecome Change Making.

A German woman signalled the call, and the conductor sprung the bell. With gravity he walked up to the woman after she was seated, and held out his hand for her fare. The German woman gave him a three-cent piece and two pennies. The conductor put the three-cent piece in his vest pocket, and dropped the two pennies into a side pocket in his overcoat. Then, turning to the lady, he said:

"I want another cent, madam."

"I want another cent, madam. "I gave von five cents," the replied.
"Ever since the Fourth Avenue railroad has existed, the fare on this line
has been six cents," replied the con-

duction, proudly.

"Well," answered the woman, "I haven't another cent." After some hesitation, she added, "Have you any

"I can change anything, madan "I can change anything, madam, from tewnty-five cents up to an eleven dollar bill," said the conductor.

Thereupon the German lady handed him a fifty-cent stamp. He took the stamp between his treth, and counted out a handful of pennies into the woman's lap. She counted them very carefully, and then looked up into his face.

You don't leave this room until "Haven't you made a mistake?" she

> "Just hand the pennies back here, then," the conductor said holding out double hands. The German woman took up her dress with one hand, and ladled out the pennies with the other. The conductor then counted them over, and threw them back into her lap, saying, "That's all right—forty-four cents, and

"That's all right-forty-four cents, and six for your fare is fifty. "What's the matter with you? "Yes," returned the woman, "but I want five cents more."
"No, you don't," he replied. "The fare's six cents, and you've got forty-four cents in your lap. That's all

"Well, give me back the five cents that I gave you before, then," said the woman, with a touch of asperity. This apparently dumfounded the conductor. He remembered that the woman had given him five cents, but the thing had become so intricate his seemed at a loss to know how to

straghten it up. "I gave you a three-cent piece and' two cents," the woman said.

The conductor nodded, but rubbed his head, as though endeavoring to comprehend and unravel the whole momentary mystery. His face bore a troubled expression. Finally he got it. "Well," he said at last, "give me back those pennies."

The woman scooped them into his pocket. He then fished up the fiftycent stan the words, "There, madam, there's deed my letter. As I hope for salvahe took out a three-cent piece from his vest pocket, saying, "And there's your three-cent piece;" and in five seconds more, "There's your two pennies. I don't know whether they're the two identical pennies or not, but I guess they'll do." By this time the troubled expression had left His countenance.

Addressing the astonished wom with great dignity, the conductor said, "Now we'll begin over again. Your fare, madam," with his hands on his

The lady laughed, and again ter ed him the fifty-cent stamp. He pockspecie seems to bother you, madato, I'll give you your change in statings,"

#### which he did. Influence of Food upon Poultry and

The influence of the food of poultry upon the quality and flavor of their firsh and eggs has not generally been taken into consideration; but it is now well ascertained that great care should be excersised in regard to this matter. In some instances it has been attempted to feed poultry on a large scale in France on horse flesh, and, although they devour this substance very greedily, it has been found to give them a very unpleasant savor. The best fat-tening material for chickens is said to be Indian corn-meal and milk; and certain large poultry establishments in France use this entirely, to the advantage both of the flesh and the eggs.

The people of Norway are now pre-paring for a great national festival, to celebrate the one thousandth suniversary of Norway's nationality.

An Indiana paper alludes to "the cycles of time that have rolled like millstones of damnation over the American people in these long twelve The county jail of Calhoun county, Fla, has not had an inmate for over spirit new life, and the steps press on four years, and the county commissioners have decided to let if be used for a

corn crib.

An Englishman named Charles Hen ry Sainsbury Pickwick has been forced to drop his last name in self-defense, owing to the comic notoriety given to

The English language consists of

Christ's Hospital, one of the oldest

fornia, that a veraclous citizen says:

Fish are so thick in Clear lake, Cali-

The University of Oxford, England, will celebrate its thousandth anniversary this year. Popular tradition assigns King Alfred the Great as its

A South Carolina editor offers his paper free, one year, to the man who brings him the largest watermelon of the season. In the mean time he intends to live on the melons that don't take the prize.

crease in the number of sufferers from paralysis in San Francisco, which is attributed to mental anxiety, caused by speculation or the desire to obtain Chicago has a woman sexton. She

There is said to be a remarkable in-

does her duties well, but of course she cannot altogether escape complaint. who attempted to fill a kerosene lamp It is not charged that she has too many relatives, or anything of that kind, but best graves for the voting ties.